THE

DIALOGUE

BETWIXT

CIT and *BUMPKIN*

ANSWERED

In another betwixt

TOM the CHESHIRE PIPER,

AND

Captain CRACKBRAINS.

Dedicated to the

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL

THE

MAYOR

OF

QUINBOROUGH.

Difficile est Satyram non scribere.

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THE

DIALOGUE

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CIT and BOURGEON.

TO THE

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR OF QUINBOROUGH.

SIR,

THough it be a very customary thing, many times, for no other reason, but to shew a man's special acquaintance, to make all Addresses of this Nature to some great Duke or other, yet I have declined that common Road, as well knowing, that if there be no intrinsick value in the matter addrest for, the greatest Prince is no more able to protect from Censure than the Mayor of Quinborough; yet, as if there was some Spell in the point too, I am not ashamed of my choice; for there was a time within the Ken of many now living, when there was never a Duke in England, and no complaining in our Streets, yet then there was a Mayor of Quinborough; and that time may happen again, without Natures inversion, yet then the Mayor of Quinbo-

rough *will bear as conſiderable a Figure in the Government as ever. I ſhall now take upon me to ſay ſomething, which poſſibly has not occurred to your reading, of Corporations, they being as ſo many Idols, adored by many in the Nation, they are all alike in their Original Conſtitution, ſmall ones differing from great ones, as little Devils do from the higher Orders, viz. in reſpect of capacity to do hurt; and are all like ſo many Commonwealths in a Monarchy, being abſolutely independent of the Crown, as to bearing Places and Offices of Truſt in all their ſeveral and reſpective Diſtricts; for though all Offices, Civil and Military, determine at the Death or Demiſe of the King, yet your Worſhips adminiſtrative Faculty and Juriſdiction, with all your Clan, continues without the leaſt receſs or interruption; neither is it in the power of any Prince, according to the common Diſpenſations of Royal Will and Pleaſure, to alter the meaneſt Officer amongſt you: What induced the Crown of* England *to thoſe Acts of Grace at firſt, I ſhall not take upon me to offer at; I will onely tell you, that they are like the* Hanſe-Towns *of the Empire, and if they had the ſame ſtrength, as may be gueſs'd from what happened of late years, would be as unmanageable; for if the Crown had as many independent Regalities, except for a little Homage when they liſt, it would be then counted natural to preſerve themſelves by a common League in their Immunities, to which Corporations would in no mean methods contribute: But ſince the providence of the Crown has provided better for our Peace, it's the moſt prudent for them all to mind their Trade, the thing for which they were firſt imbodied, and leave the conduct of State-affairs to them, whom God and the Law has intruſted to that Noble end.*

Now to induce all you little Commonwealths thus to your duty, I ſhall preſs an argument from Gratitude: You may remember, that by the Act of Regulation, which was binding even to your Immortal Power, the Commiſſioners which were

of

of the Kings nomination, had power to put out sans *number or reason, the respective members that constituted a Corporation, and no penalty upon their not putting others into their places, what would have followed upon the disfranchisement of all the members, which was absolutely in the Commissioners power? even a dissolution of that Body, and by consequence a forfeiture of all their Lands to the Crown; I do not see what could have hindred such a design, had it not fallen out under a Prince who is above all the temptations of tricks: Then the Loyal City of* Coventry *had lost nigh* 3000 *per annum, which had been but just for their abetting the late Rebellion; as likewise the good Towns of* Leicester, Nottingham, Northampton, *and* Glocester, &c. *might have been reckoned with for their especial zeal in the precious Cause; and which had been more considerable, the superintendency of publick affairs had been put into the Justices of the Peace, which are all alterable, as it is fit all other offices to be at pleasure; and truly if such a thing had happened, you would have fallen unpitied, for your ways are not like others, your Dispensations savour too much of Partiality, none can have common right amongst you, especially in your remote and poorer Corporations, where a Sack of Malt, or a Bushel of wheat, shall throw a Mist before the Magistracy; and if any of you get a trust, you decide the controversie, if any happen, as* Philip *of* Macedon *did that betwixt two petty Princes, who determined all for himself: to adjust this, I'le tell your worship a story, the great Devil had been out about in the world upon the affairs of his calling, and as he thought, had made one sure and considerable set; so he return'd home, and met a little* Mephostophilus *of the black Society going out, and told him he might stay a little at such a place, for there lay an Usurer irrecoverably sick, that could not scape his clutches for he was endowed with all the villanies of a miserable* Carl, *as Whore and Bawd both, take unreasonable brokage for his own money, never mist*

taking all extremities upon forfeitures, without reſpect either to Age or Sex, never paid any poor man any due, though never ſo dearly earn'd, &c. In fine, he had the Conſcience of a Pawn-broker, or a Catchpole Serjeant: The little Devil was much pleaſed at the proſpect of his eaſie imploy, but he found at his return the account wrong ſtated, and miſt of his prize accordingly; which the great Devil enquiring about the circumſtances of at his return, with no ſmall wonder was anſwered, that a Divine had been with him ſome hours before he died, and had over-ruled him to give all his Eſtate to charitable uſes, and ſo he was ſlipt up to Heaven. Who has he made Truſtee? ſaid the great Devil; a Mayor, and twelve Aldermen, ſays the little one: well enough, quoth the great one, we'll have all them. Though this be but a Story, yet there's a Moral in the tail of it, for I could give ſeveral inſtances where Corporations have performed their truſts at ſuch a rate, as will entitle them to a journey into thoſe Low Countries; and to ſay truth, the Fox-furr'd Magiſtracy do not generally diſtinguiſh betwixt Δίκαιον and Δικαίως, right and rightly, ſo much talked on by Tully, *or* Seneca; *but by whether, or both, or neither, is not much material to you or me, and are commonly very tender of doing right againſt a Member of their own, which they call a ſtanding by, or adjuſting their Liberties.*

But now your Worſhip may ſay this is a Satyr upon Corporations, and therefore, when I addreſt to you for Patronage, I took a wrong Sow by the ear. *I muſt and will ſubmit all things to your better judgment, but give me leave to add ſomething, that may not be unuſeful in the circumſtance of preſent affairs, from the maleadminiſtration inſeparably annext to Bodies Politique, (where as the Biſhop of* Quinque Eccleſiæ *complains deſervedly of the packt Council of* Trent, *votes are numbred and not weighed) and very unlikely to be otherwayes. I am afraid the Eaſt India and African Companies*

practice

practise doth not at all make against what I shall offer, whose methods so are uneasie to those unfortunate men, that have any concern amongst them without great purses, that the greatest Extortioner or flee-Flint in nature, would singly be ashamed on, yet in the croud every thing passes for Justice.

Now least your worship should have your Spouses longing to know what I would be at, I tell you that all Societies of men incorporated together, though by the strictest tyes of religion, and Justice are to be postponed to the Government of a single person; you'l say then how shall we be safe in our concerns, if one man be the sole Judge of good and evil? I grant, where a Despotical power is exercised, as it is almost in all Monarchies but here, the Subject is intirely in the Princes power, but that being a thing so extravagant and contrary to the Law, it were impious to fear it, considering the benignity of our Princes. But what I say now is by way of comparison, that a Despotical Government, nay, and under the greatest Tyrant in nature, is to be preferred before any sort of incorporated power; for the Tyrant may reform as Manasses did; however he must die, and his Successor may make amends for his extravagancies: The wicked Achaz was succeeded by the good Hezekiah, whereas an incorporated power, called by what name you will, never did amend, and which is the insufferable plague of it, is immortal.

If now the greatest Tyranny of a Single Person be to be preferred before the government of many, how religious in common prudence and justice to our selves ought we to acquiesce under our present condition, the happiness of which I shall neither trouble you nor my self to enlarge upon.

You may say now all this is foreign to the matter in hand; if so, I cannot much deny it, but only I being the first that made this kind of address to your Worship, I do the boldlier take upon me the part of a Libertine, in the way of it, as being unwilling to tye my self up to any form soever, we must now say somewhat of the discourse, pretended to be answered, viz.

The Dialogue betwixt *Cit* and *Bumkin*, *it hath a great vogue in the world, for an Author of no mean account, gives this indelible character*, Those that will bestow twelve pence *on two Books* brimful of sense, good nature, and discretion. *let them purchase* both first and second Part of those learned discourses *Cit* and *Bumpkin*. *But now Authors vary, whether this great craracter was figurative or no, to incline to the affirmative, there is an Advertisement subjoyned, how* a Gentleman may live by his fingers ends, scribble thread-bare extravagancies two and forty times over, and each time answer them himself, and so (*for want of another Adversary*) *reply, rejoyn, surrejoyn all alone* toties quoties *as his pinching necessities shall require, written originally in that Babylonish language by* Quevedo's *Ghost, translated by* Don Splutterado *Knight of the craving Fob.*

Weekly Packet Vol. 2. num. 38. pag 312.

But it is now fit that I should give your worship a reason of my undertaking; the chief thing induced me to it, was the just disdain I had, that such a Pigmy *should attacque so boldly, and by so opprobrious names, such considerable orders of men as he brings under that name, of which there is some account given in the following Colloquy. Now if his friends object, that the language is too tart upon him, let them consider his own methods of using others, but he may be more excusable for it than his Opponent, consider ing the Academy of* Newgate, *which though, as he says, is famous for breeding politick men, yet for polite and soft language it, s not inferiour to the Nunnery of* Billings-gate.

You may object Sir, if you please too, why no sooner? when some Authors write Books as fast as Jugers spue Ribands: but you may see by that your Worships Oratour does not write for daily bread, whatever others do.

I should not have said much more in this case, but that there is lately printed an abusive Paper, called, Popery in Maquerade

Masquerade, in Skeldry; which by the Authors favour, I think a great friend to the Author of Cit and Bumpkin, by his listing Dick and Tom, the pretended answer to that Discourse; amongst those Pamphlets he calls seditious; and therefore I must animadvert a little upon the thing it self, as likewise upon that method: As to the thing or print it self, it is sufficiently libellous and scandalous, for it is not so much a dumb narrative of what's past, as a Scheme of what he would intimate is at present designed: That it is not a narrative of what's past I offer this, the things are so mistimed, for he displays all the Rabble of Sects, upon a consult joyntly petitioning, & J. Presbyter Chairman; now he that knows any thing, must know (and that Author is old enough for a personal knowledge in that Case) that those Sects of Muggletonians, Quakers, especially J. Naylor (who suffered his punishment by order of a number of men called a Parliament in the Protectorate of Oliver) were not so much as heard of, when John the Presbyter was Chairman; nay the Independents themselves were not lookt upon as considerable at that time, tho' afterwards they supplanted their elder Brother, & at such a rate that the time wherein he layes his hopeful harmony for petitions, the Presbyterians had as little power perhaps as they have now: But to make your Worship the better able to understand my observations upon his Plate, I must give you a short description of it, first he sets the Presbyterian in a chair in a ridiculous dress, assisted by all the rubble of Sects, as Adamites, Ranters, and what not, as Counsellors, then he brings the petitioners, which are only Swash and the Elders maid, the Colchester Quaker & the Mare petitioning against Bishops, Service-Book, Popish Lords and evil Counsellours, and thanks given them by the Presbyterians, which by the way is a great want of Charity in him, for tho those of kind petitions was only the result of minds that desired nothing but matter for quarrel, yet none of the four are like our articles of faith necessary to salvation, &

might

might if the Government had thought fit, have been altered at pleasure, without breach, either of Gods Law or mans, therefore those Petitioners ought not in common good manners, tho, they deserved a very severe reprimand, to be so ranked, for those kind of Bestialities were never charged, which the well natured Author would intimate ought to be upon the decryed Party.

But observe it all along, he is a Gentleman of singular manners as well as discretion, to bring in the Colchester *Bridegroom petitioning against Popish Lords, when there is now an Act of State to that purpose,* viz. *to take away all Legislative power from them, as if that solemn Act which has been graciously granted at the petition of three Estates, was to be run into ridicule by every Buffoon at pleasure, but, I suppose, he stands Candidate to succeed his friend* B. H. *in his late Eminency.*

But now to go on with the description, he makes all those petitions to be addressed to the Presbyter, and thanks returned to the Petitioners. On the right hand aloft he sets a Cabal of Raskals, as it were in a consult, opposite on the left hand he sets little Alderman Isaac Pennington, *& the Pope, under them the Capital letters of Solemn League and Covenant: under that, according to his usual scurrilous way, a piece of Holy Writ,* Jer. 6. 5. *which he scoffingly would seem to apply to that wicked Combination or Covenant. On the right hand below a company of ill looks Raskals with banners, having Alderman* Gourney, Strafford, *and Bishop* Laud *chained amongst 'em,* Magna Charta, *Bible, and Councils, &c. underfoot, under all the head of the late King of blessed memory. On the left, opposite to it, a great ear'd Knave spewing of Canons and Common Prayer &c. his head supported by a plump Harlot. Nigh a little Table in the middle of all a little Rascally fellow for Secretary beset with pot and pipe, and Monkey by him as Assistant, with a great many other gimcracks not worth mentioning, but I onely observe that the excise is by its Companions as the* Directory Ordinance *ranged amongst those wicked grievances. I wonder why it should, for sure the Animal doth not think, that ever that duty will be taken away. Under all a great deal of Poetry both good, bad and indifferent in the kind. There are only two verses, that I remark upon, as now very well timed and tinctured with Jesuites loyalty, he makes a Company of Fellows say thus,*

Our design's this, to change the Government,
Set up our selves and do't by Parliament.

A very excellent argument for the suiting of that Court but suitable enough I suppose to his design, but he might do well to discover such a contrivement, if he know it for else misprision of Treason must be his lot; if he know not any thing, but only out of his singular good nature & piety guesses at things,

there

there is a piece of Sallust *very applicable,*

Est locus in carcere quod Tullianum appellatur.

From what has now been offered, or from their own better understandings, none will, I think, suppose, that this piece of painting is any thing historical, but rather a project now pretendedly in agitation.

As now I have said somewhat of his witty and elaborate piece, so I'le say a little of that way of libelling, it is a libel as much as writing, & as much punishable, but yet, I think, a man may safely put a case of that nature, as thus, Admit a Painter draw Oliver *newly established in the Protectorate, environed with all his Myrmidons, all publick officers & foreign Ministers addressing to him, the area of the Cut bestrowed with all the remarques of a ruined State, as a Crown and Scepter reversed, the* Magna Charta, *the holy Bible, Acts of Parlia. all thrown about a great Church orethrown, the 3 Estates, the loyal Gentry and Nobility looking through prison grates, &c. and at the lower end of all a little dapper fellow with a Chamlet Cloak over his shoulder to cover a base Viol, making his honours like a mannerly School-Boy, & telling one of the Pages of honour, that he desires to make an humble oblation of Musick to congratulate his serene Highness's assumption of the Government, as well as to chear and refresh his mighty spirits, as an argument that he had quit that unfortunate side, as might appear by a label out of his mouth, some unlucky body would guess a certain Gentleman that lives in the high way to the* Paddington *Tree, to be meant by it: Admit again a Painter to draw a pretty well timbred Gentleman set in his scribling laboratory in a thinking posture, and a doughty man of war flourishing an ireful sapling over his manly shoulders, which put him into such a posture, as Æneas was in when he was ready to be piss himself in the storm,*

Duplex tendens ad sydera Palmas
Talia voce refert. *Which may be Englished, thus.*
He lifting up his mutton fists on high,
Strike not he said before you tell us why.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum, *says the angry man of war, for this little Author had been bespattering the great* Coke *for which he was with such indignation rebuked. To go on with this* Skeldry, *admit a Painter should draw a grave antiquated Sot about the great clymacterick running away with a young Lass in the lawful way of marriage, with her Purse inside outwards as an emblem of wealth, and the old Gentleman poetizing concerning himself, as might appear by the ingenuity of the delineatour at this rate,*

Paraph. of Phæd. to Hippol. by the Club.

Love

Love-pangs in youth with Art we did remove,
But now in riper years with rage we love.

And to say truth, the Gentleman had in his youthful days as many remedies against hanging himself for love, as Lukeners *lane, the Old Cherry-Garden, or Madam* Beat *her Damosels (a Lady as famous in her Generation for those intrigues, as either Mother* Gifford *or* Betty Buley *of late and happy memory) could afford. I say, and it like your worships, some would say it was knavishly meant.*

But last you or some wiser Reader should object at the impropriety of making a Piper sometimes talk like a Scholar, it cannot be worse than to make a Bumpkin a Politician, a Canting Knave, and yet so ignorant in Religion as to talk of the Ten Tables. But when all's done our Lucian *will call me a Libeller, as he does every body, that's not exact according to his own model, and I believe would not forbear a man that should write against the vanity of spending night after night at* Langtrilow, *and losing twenty pound at a time to a Company of Sophistresses, for want of an Assistant to convey the beloved* Pam.

But the Reader may say this is severe upon some Body, but when that somebodies methods are considered, it may not be deemed improper, according to an old piece of Badge footed Poetry in Manuscript, in answer to an abusive Scot;

Skelton Laureate
After this rate
Defendeth with his pen
All Englishmen
From vile *Dundas*
That Scottish Ass.
Dundas so drowzy,
So scab'd and lowzy.
Thou lyest in thy rayles
We Englishmen have tayles,
Behind in my hose
I have a rose
For thy Scottish nose.

And so I kiss your Worships hands, and remain

Your most humble Servant,

E. P.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWIXT

Captain *Crackbrain*, and *Tom* the *Cheſhire* Piper,

IN ANSWER TO

C I T and B U M P K I N.

At a Side-board of a Coffee-Houſe.

Capt. ON my Soul, that's *Tom* the Piper that ſits ſo gravely there: He is a notable Knave, I'll acoſt him, pretend acquaintance, and get ſomething out of him; How doſt thou *Tom*? I think there is no body left in the Houſe but us two, if thou wilt I'll ſit down by ye.

Tom. You are welcome, but I declare againſt all things that are not of *Engliſh* Manufacture, let's have a Mug of Ale, and I'll joyn with you.

Capt. A match.

Tom. Sir, may I beg the favour of your Name?

Capt. My name is *Crackbrain*.

Tom. A very good Family; of the North or the Weſt?

Capt. I'm of the *Crackbrains* of the North, where my Family has flouriſhed ſome hundreds of years: But lets talk now of other matters, and becauſe I hear you to be Book learned, I'll ask you what you think of the Dialogue 'twixt *Cit* and *Bumpkin*.

Tom. I think it a very Scoffing Scurrilous Pamphlet, and that the Author is within the equity of the Pillory; for he without any due regard to good manners or truth, beſpatters many of the Nobility, the moſt eminent Gentry, and Citizens, with the baſeſt and meaneſt practices of Forgery imaginable: For can any thing be more vile or any thing more malicious, than to do as *Bumpkin* charged
Pag.3. himſelf withal, namely to fill up Sheets with *Smiths* and *Walkers*, *&c.* to amuſe the Nation with numbers, as if they meant ſomething further?

Capt. I muſt take upon me the Defence, and therefore I believe the Author was in the right, as to the charge.

Ibid. *Tom.* Ay, and for Women to underwrite for their Husbands in the *Weſt Indies* too.

Capt. I muſt and will undertake his Defence, becauſe of my Allyance with him.

Tom. I thought ſo, for I'll be hanged if he be not of the Noble Houſe of the *Crackbrains* too. But heark you Captain, make good the Defence of that, *Et erit mihi magnus Apollo.*

Capt. I'll ſay this, that there is nothing in that Paper that's either diſloyal or Popiſh.

Tom. Not in point blank terms, but without much difficulty reducible to either of thoſe heads.

Capt. What the Pox, you do not take the Author for a Papiſt or a Plotter?

Tom. He is one of the *Multi* though.

Capt. What's that?

Tom. *Saluſt* telling the opinion of the People about *Cataline's* Plot, ſayes, *Multi ob ſtultitiam non putabant, multi ob ignorantiam non videbant, multi ob pravitatem non credebant, & non credendo conjurationem adjuvabant:* Which I have got turned thus into Meeter:

Some

Some were ſuch Sots they did not think,
Some men ſo ſilly as to wink,
Some lewder Knave believ'd it not,
By which they did help on the Plot.

Crack. I muſt confeſs, that's a very appoſite Application; but do you think then, that Author to be a Papiſt?

Tom. No, on my Conſcience, but a Proteſtant Gentleman, becauſe he ſomewhere ſayes ſo, but he might as well have ſaid Proteſtantiſh, as he ſcurriloufly ſayes in another place; but however he is in his Religion, I am ſure he is a Papiſt in Faction, as many others are.

Crack. On my Conſcience you might as well have charged Mr. —— ſo.

Tom. None will be ſo impudent ſure, as to fix any ſuch imputation upon ſuch a Pillar of the Church, ſuch a Steeple of Truth as he is known to be! but yet if a man conſider his further diſcovery of the Plot, dedicated to Dr. *Titus Oates*, his Paſſion for him, if he be a Proteſtant, will be very ſedate, for what Jeſuit could leſſen the Doctor's teſtimony, or Narrative of the Plot, more than he has done, by ſaying, *I believe the Plot, and as much of it as every good Subject ought to believe, or as any man in his right Wits can believe, nay, I'll ſo abſolutely believe it, that in my Conſcience, you your ſelf, Doctor, do not believe more of it than I do*, and then very wittily, according to his facetious way of ſcoffing, compares the whole thing to the raining of *butter'd Turnips*? he might have ſaid *Cods heads*, it would have made up the *ſimile* every whit as well; might not any dying Prieſt have ſaid the ſame, and have ſalved all by Equivocation, though he believed not a word of the Doctor's Depoſitions? as, I ſuppoſe, Mr. —— does not: Well, in fine, Captain, had that diſcourſe been put into Meeter, it would have been the ſubject of many witty Ballads.

Capt. I vow *Tom*, you are very rude with a Gentleman, that bears so considerable a figure in the Government, as 'tis known he does: I profess you deserve to be severely punished.

Tom. No, no, he did, he may say *fuimus Troes*, he was some Body, when he had the Superintendency of your little Books and Ballads which brought in many a half-crown; before he came to that Preferment, he may remember he was as mutinous in print as any Body, because he could get nothing; then the Government lay under a male-administration, when the Advocate General which should have tryed him for his Loyalty, which he can never be sufficiently commended for, came to be Chancellor of *Norwich*, he was about that time very pert with the King too, for giving greater gifts to a Lord, that had been of the other side, than suitable to his great mind; so to quiet him, it was allowed him to write things like the Old *Diurnals*, twice a week, which he did for about six years, with no small Satisfaction to himself, till at last, he stuft his Papers with such little things, as where *Rowland Pipin* liv'd, and how Goodman *Shuffe* was choaked with eating a two penny Custard for a Wager, *&c.* That it was not decent to the grandieur of the Nation, to have such a publick Notary, and so the Gazette way of writing yet continued, was taken up.

Capt. This is Passion, but after all, prithee *Tom* tell me your Opinion concerning Dr. *Oats* his Depositions, for I'm sure you'r a man of Observation.

Tom. I have read them, and I have read some other things, and have read him too by some small Conversation, the Measures I took from thence is, that I do take the Doctors Narrative to be the real Truth which time will at last bring forth, though many are a little impatient about it, for he has not Compass enough to invent such

ſuch a lie, and ſo circumſtantiated, for I aſſure you he is no Sophiſter, witneſs his indiſcretions to the Epiſcopal Clergy, and his ſlight ſpeaking of them, which muſt be imputed to his Education, being bred a Fanatick, then turn'd Papiſt, now that's laid aſide, he may be the ſame again, ſo I conclude him governed by Truth then, becauſe now governed by a thing like Conſcience, but had he been a man of thoſe Intrigues, florid Parts, as the learned Author of *Cit and Bumpkin*, ſo well able to invent and poliſh a Tale, with prophane ſwearing and other proper Circumſtances, as he has ſhewn himſelf all along to be in that Diſcourſe, I ſhould have no more believ'd the Plot from the Doctors ſingle Teſtimony, than I believe the method of getting hands have been as he would inſinuate.

Capt. Truly you muſt give him a grain of Allowance, for he was in *New-gate* priſon before the Kings Return, and now begins to be uneaſie by loſs of his Place, by the Freedom of Trade, which has been coſtly enough to ſome, and ſome other things in the World that are uneaſie to him, which makes him very paſſionate at any thing like Fanaticiſm, which he takes every thing to be that does abſolutely *quadrate* with his own *Capricio*. I muſt ſpeak Truth though I be his Couſin.

Tom. You put me in mind of a Story when Biſhop *Bonner* came out of the *Marſhalſea*, to exerciſe his Epiſcopal Office in Queen *Mary*'s time, he behaved himſelf very extravagantly to ſome Gentlemen, that came to wait on him in his Viſitation, which when one of his Servants would have excuſed by his late coming out of Priſon, a Gentleman replied, he is lately come out of the *Marſhalſea*, and now he is fit to go to *Bethlehem*, but there is a Friend of mine one *J. Newton*, that lives on *Clerken-well-green*, that cures all mad People, that are

not

not moped, as he ſayes in his printed Paper, if he would repair thither, he might be accommodated, and this poor Nation at quiet, for his Diſtemper is far from any thing like mopiſhneſs, being ſo Mercurial a Gentleman as he is known to be, and therefore, as my Author ſayes, very curable.

Capt. There is no dealing with you, you are ſo bitter upon my Couſin, we'll call our old cauſe over again, I'm ready to do as I ſaid, defend that Dialogue.

Tom. So you ſay; but heark you, Captain, you may be a man of ſenſe for all that, do you not think it a very flagitious thing for a little unknown Fellow, to comprehend all the States, Orders, and Diviſions of men, both Lords, Citizens, and Commons of *England* under the opprobrious names of *Cit* and *Bumpkin*? names ſo reproachful, that the meaneſt Spirit in *England* would make a repartee with a Cudgel in Anſwer to either of them.

Capt. He meant only the ſeditious part of them, I ſuppoſe, that is, them that were for petitioning, which was purſued with great Zeal by all ſort of Phanaticks.

Tom. From whence you moſt logically conclude, it was a ſeditious contrivance.

Cap. Yes, marry do I.

Tom. Not ſo faſt, good Captain, there is no Law againſt it, and where no Law, no Tranſgreſſion, yet that ſhameleſs Author would inſinuate a diſpoſition of Rebellion from it: Otherwiſe he would not treat the Petitioners at that ſcurrilous rate as he does all along, and truly, Captain, (for I do not love to ſwear nor talk prophanely, as that Author makes his *Cit* and *Bumpkin* do very often,) had not his Majeſty declared his diſlike againſt it, as not ſuitable to his Royal Will and Pleaſure, which

which modeſt men out of good manners would not oppoſe, the Petition had been ſubſcribed, as generally as ever any was; for notwithſtanding all his malicious charges againſt it, it was not *malum in ſe*, not ill in it ſelf, but as it was circumſtanced with the Kings Will to the contrary.

Capt. But what ſay you to all the Phanaticks ſo cordially joyning in it, may not that beget a ſuſpicion juſtly, that there was ſomething intended that might be *malum in ſe*, ill in it ſelf?

Tom. Not at all, doth not the Scripture tell you that the Phariſees were great Sophiſticators of the old Law, confounding it by unwritten Traditions? yet they are not blamed, neither is the Doctrine of the Reſurrection diſparaged, for their ſtout aſſertion of it.

Capt. You ſay well, then I ſee that a Phanatick may ſometimes be in the right, as well as the wicked Phariſees, or the Papiſts.

Tom. Who doubts it?

Cap. I perceive you are, though not for the defence of Petitioning, yet for the defence of the ſubject matter of it, what ſay you to the *twitting the King with his Coronation Oath, that Delinquents may be brought to puniſhment, and then the Parliament was to ſit as long as they pleaſed?*

Tom. I believe it an unjuſt charge, as to the main; for though poſſibly ſome might be ſo indiſcreet as to name that Oath, not with that due reſpects to his Majeſty, yet I'm confident none was ever ſo impudent as to demand, in terms, the bringing Delinquents to Puniſhment, being that was ſo notorious a 1641 term, as muſt diſpleaſe all men that are not of thoſe Principles; but poſſibly there might be ſomething of trying the Lords in the Tower, which might give the Proteſtantiſh Author occaſion of that flou-

flouriſh, as if their Caſe was parallel to thoſe worthy Lords and Gentlemen, then called Delinquents, than which nothing can be more vilely inſinuated; but as to his laſt charge, that the Parliament was to ſit as long as they pleaſed, I'm ſure it is ſo notoriouſly falſe, as nothing but a man of a bold front could have ſaid it, I wiſh he had been in *Scotland*, and a Subject to their Laws when he ſaid it.

Capt. Prithee why ſo?

Tom. They have a Law there, as I have been informed, called the Statute of *Leaſing*, that if any man by prepenſe falſe ſuggeſtion or inſinuation accuſe a Lord, ſo as he may be capitally queſtioned, it is capital in the Accuſer; if that Law was on force here, my little Fellow would be collered; for can any thing be more malicious, than to accuſe a Body of men of attempting a thing which cannot be acted without the greateſt Treaſon imaginable, as that of perpetuating a Parliament, for that's the Engliſh of ſitting as long as they pleaſe, meant by the ingenious Author?

Capt. He but tells you, that a Countrey Juſtice ſaid ſo ſomewhere upon the Bench, and ſo they are not his words.

Tom. A Writer of Dramatique or Dialogue is to anſwer always for what he makes the Perſons ſpeak, which might be the occaſion of that Statute for the puniſhment of prophane Swearing by Players of Interludes, which our Author is not free from, it may be that quality made him nameleſs, for fear ſome croſs-grain'd Cur of the Bench ſhould have levied the twelve pence's upon him. But this muſt be wholly an Artifice to blacken the Petition, for no Juſtice in the Countrey, nor *Weſtminſter* neither, though many of them are far from Conjurers, could ever be ſo fond to aſſert a thing ſo wholly and

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in every parcel an untruth: but there may be ſtrange Children now, as there were in *David's* time, whoſe mouth ſpeaketh vanity, from whom the Prophet prayed deliverance, *Pſal.* 144. *v.* 11.

Cap. Why, you are a ſtrange man to expect literal truths from a man that writes in my Friends myſtical way.

Tom. Hark you, Captain, if your Friend in his myſtical way had abuſed me in particular, as he has almoſt the whole Nation in general, I would in down-right terms have broken his Head, whenſoever I had met him, and in the mean time, have cudgell'd you, noble Captain, till you had diſcovered his name, though I be but a Piper, Call me *Bumpkin*? I would have him know, and you too, that I'm the 22d. Piper of my Family, licenſed by the Heirs of *Dutton*, now Lord *Gerard*, a faculty ſaved to that Family by two Acts of Parliament; ſo we are no Rogues, like your South Country Fidlers, Captain.

Cap. You are very hot, cooler language would do as well, for hot words do no buſineſs.

Tom. Well, well; but what ſay you to that detracting paſſage, that it would be never the worſe if they, *viz.* the men of Eſtates, *were out of favour at Court; for an honeſt revenge, ye know, goes a great way with a tender Conſcience.* Pag. 6.

Capt. Very well.

Tom. How can any thing be more baſe than this? to deſire that the men of Eſtates ſhould be out of Favour at Court, becauſe it would prompt them to revenge, as he very Chriſtianly inſinuates, the conſequence of which muſt be a War, as he muſt hope; but I wonder he ſhould, when he is a man of known modeſty before an Enemy, if he be the man I gueſs, but he is a publick ſpirited man, and ſo hopes a War as the only expedient

to set aside all Petitioning for the Future: for to say truth, there will be nothing left upon such success as he proposes to petition for; but if there be no better conduct than his, there may be a mistake in measures: our last War was occasioned from such rascally Politiques, to press both sides to extremities, and foment all differences into the bargain too, as I have been told; but I hope to see a thousand such rascally Pickthanks hanged, before any thing of that happen.

Cap. But is not my Cousin very witty, when he says it is a blessing to have neither Friend nor Money, and yet to design to be taken prisoner, as the way to both, and makes it out very prettily?

Tom. Yes faith he is; but why the pox doth he not pursue his own methods to Preferment, take a Pag. 7. Gaol? for on my Conscience, he cannot crack of either; for how he should have Friends that hath abused the whole Nation I see not, neither how he should abound in Money; for Lands he has none I believe.

Capt. Then you think *Tom* a Gaol is the surest place for my Cousin?

Tom. Ay truly do I.

Capt. But do you not like his brave Description of the benefits of a Prison, and the Rogueries of those that ply there to that purpose?

Tom. Truly like the rest; for from the converse of *Newgate*-birds, he concludes all the intrigues of the World to be managed at the same Religious Rule, and then makes his *Cit.* an Officer of Address, as one may call him; but he keeps his Office no where that I can find out but in your Cousin *Crackraig*'s Noddle.

Capt. But what think you of the discovery of a new Plot, in case the Petition had gone on; of five Petitions

ons more, if the Parliament had met? one againſt the Lords in the *Tower*, another for the ſitting of the Parliament, till they had gone through with what they had to do, a third for taking away Biſhops Votes, a fourth for the remove of Evil Counſellors, a fifth for putting the *Militia* into ſafe hands.

Tom. Your Couſin might do well to produce the Draught of ſuch Petitions, or at leaſt, name ſome-body beſides his *Bumpkin* that had ſeen ſome ſuch thing, otherways he is to be taken for a Make-bate and a Lyar; and truly we have reaſon to acquieſce under the Government of our Gracious Prince that cannot be provoked by ſuch ſycophantly Knaves to do any thing but what becomes him: But your Couſin ſhews himſelf a good man upon all occaſions, by ranging all thoſe Petitions together, as if to Petition for the Tryal of the Lords, was equally criminal with the reſt, can any thing more reflect upon the Honour of the King, Parliament, and whole Nation, than to inſinuate, which muſt be a neceſſary conſequence of ſo marſhalling the Petitions, that a Petition againſt the Lords, impeached by Parliament for High-Treaſon, when a Court is in being that can only take Cognizance of their Affairs, is to be ranked amongſt Miſdemeanours of the higheſt Nature; if this do not proceed from a Deſign, which I think is not very Proteſtantiſh, of running the Plot into *Sham*, I am miſtaken.

Capt. But hearkyou, Minſtrel, does not my Couſin go on bravely, when he tells us what dangerous Rogues the Citizens are, and what deſigns they have ſtill on foot, to diſtract, if not ſubvert the Government, by contriving new Methods of petitioning, and telling us, that thoſe *Heads will find Hands if there ſhould be occaſion?* On my Conſcience he is a notable man.

Pag. 10.

Tom. So he is, and a bold one too, I think, to aſperſe by intimation ſo conſiderable a body of Men, as the City of *London*, with contrivances againſt the Government, only to ſhew his wit, without the leaſt ground imaginable as I can ſee: I tell you, if it was in *France*, as fond as he is of that Government, they would anger him, for he would without doubt be put to the queſtion, that a diſcovery might be made of ſuch grand Deſigns in agitation; and if it proved all a Staff of his own, as I dare ſwear this is, then I believe he would be broke upon the Wheel, for endeavouring to bring the King into a jealouſie of his good City of *Paris*.

Capt. But is not my Couſin an excellent Caſuiſt, by running his diviſions upon Conſcience?

Tom. Yes, in his ſcoffing way; but I muſt tell both him and you, in anſwer to his frequent running that expreſſion, *Of the People of the Land into ridicule*; though I am as far from believing that thoſe pretenders are ſuch, yet God hath a People that he will vindicate one day to the Confuſion of Faces of all them *that ſit in the Seat of the ſcornful.*

Capt. But has he not mauld the *Predeſtinarians* with their Doctrine of neceſſity?

Tom. He is too ſhallow for that; he hath a little droll'd upon the conſequence of the Opinion: but I tell you, Capt. what I heard a *Black-ſmith* over a Pot of Ale ſay the other day, that every futurity, or thing to come, was certain in it ſelf, whether it ſhould happen or not, and that cannot be denied, Captain.

Capt. It cannot.

Tom. If ſo, what room then for free Agency, when it's impoſſible to remove a certainty: But as I heard a Divine ſay once, no created underſtanding can comprehend the difference betwixt Gods certain foreſight

and

and predeſtinating, ſo I leave it; and I'm ſure he would not have medled with it, but that he could fix ſomething of reproach upon the party, from the conſequences of it, meeting with ſome bad practices of hypocritical men; but yet as generally as it is now decryed, it hath been otherways; for they that know any thing, know that moſt of the Biſhops, and generally the Inferiour Clergy were of that Opinion, and yet very holy and pious men in their Generations, for all his ſcoffs that he fixes upon that opinion by inference; for none was ever yet ſo impudent to aſſert in terms what he makes his *Cit* to do, and truly I do believe he is of the *Cit's* Opinion, that a thing may be ſin in one which is not in another; for lying, though it be a ſin in moſt men, is not ſo in him, as he thinks, he otherways would not have ſo much uſed it. Pag. 13.

Capt. How came you, *Tom Piper*, to be ſuch a diſtinguiſher? I did not expect it from you.

Tom. My Mother was a Parſons Daughter, had little to her Portion, but a few Books, and Sermon Notes of her Fathers, which I uſed to read at ſpare times to the Neighbourhood, and ſo became thus skilful.

Capt. Well, what think you of his clawing the Rogues off for their old Rebellion, is't not manly and brave?

Tom. It is a thing that has been ſaid a thouſand times when it was ſo; but now it looks like breaking the Act of Oblivion, a thing that his Majeſty, to his Immortal Honour holds ſacred; ſuch a little Rat as he, methinks, ſhould not be nibling, when the Lyon is unconcerned.

Capt. Cit and *Bumkin* drunk, and why may not we within then? two Pots, and ſhut the door after you. But what think'ſt thou *Tom*, to *page 26.* is Pag. 15.

it

ſt not an excellent facetious diſcourſe, diſplaying Villany in its proper colours?

Tom. It is rather a teaching people how to be Villains; like your faſhionable Plays, teach more ſins than they reprove.

Capt. My Couſin cannot, I ſee, get your good word, but I'll make you Friends.

Tom. As how?

Capt. You'l Pipe at his Wifes next Churching, and then I'm ſure the half Guinney and the Frumenty will pleaſe you.

Tom. Let it alone till then; but in the mean time I'll give a ſhort account of my Sentiments of thoſe ten Pages.

Capt. Let's have it then.

Tom. He begins with comparing *Presbyterians* and *Jeſuites*, a thing now that is *trite* and thred-bare; there is a Book called *Lyſimachus Nicanor* that has done it more to the purpoſe, writ near forty years agone, but yet in his rails upon the later, he ſpeaks Ironically of the Plot (when he calls the Jeſuits the *Heads of it upon the King*, &c.) as a man muſt needs conclude that reads the whole diſcourſe, eſpecially if that Author had any intelligence or correſpondence with the Author of the Further Diſcovery dedicated to Dr. *Titus Oates*; and that flouriſh might have been as decently ſaved; beſides his Pen too much reſembles a Cleaver, cuts only one way, as a man may eaſily obſerve by his conſtant pinching upon that party for the 1641. buſineſs, a thing that none of them has the face now publickly to juſtifie, and his paſſing by the Rebellion of *Ireland*, accompanied with the murder of nigh a million of Proteſtants, without the leaſt Reflection, though that Villany be yet juſtified, or at leaſt not owned to be ſo by that Party, as it was at

firſt

first abetted by the Pope; and then after all, as if he would make himself compleatly wicked, he scandalizes the Protestant Religion, which the late King of blessed Memory own'd that he fought for, as may be seen yet by his Declarations, and the Inscription upon his Coyns, stampt at the beginning of the late Rebellion; for by that is meant, as he makes his Citizen say, the Religion of the Dissenters from the Church; a distinction that the late blessed Martyr would not have thanked him for.

Capt. I perceive you are very poynant upon my Friend still; but go on.

Tom. Then he goes on with teaching a method of Villany, which he would call discovering, to inflame the Nation, and widen the Breaches betwixt the King and his People; for why else should he, amongst other things, lay such a stress upon the Kings being one of the three Estates, and make such damn'd inferences, a thing decried by all sober men, because declared otherwise in the Preambles of several Acts of Parliament? and yet the good King in a Message to the two Houses owned three Estates, when the Bishops were by Act removed, of which by consequence he must be one, but that may be look'd upon, considering the novelty of that disposition, to be a lapse in the Secretary, and so no weight to be laid upon it. I refer you to the Declaration bearing date from *York*, *June* 13. 1642. Then he falls upon the light and foolish antick Gestures of the Conventiclers, with their fond Metaphors not worth answering, because none so foolish as to adjust them; then he goes on, as if the Plot was only a Blind to enrage People, and that there was a real Design to destroy the Hierarchy, and all the Sons of the Church, by the name of the Papists in Masquerade, and get all the places of profit to themselves.

Capt.

Capt. Is not that very well hinted?

Tom. What are you a hinter and a holder-forth? ſo it's well hinted of buzzing into the peoples Ears to diſpoſe them to Rebellion, of the Emperour of *Morocco*'s landing upon *Salisbury-Plain* 35000 light Horſe-men, and a great many other Fopperies, not worth taking notice on.

Capt. To ſay truth, there are a great many little things in it, but there muſt be ſomething to fill up, or elſe it would not come to account, it would not advance from the Stationer any thing conſiderable.

Tom. But he ſhould have ſtudied propriety of things, to have made 'em paſs the better: Is it not, think you, a well laid thing, to make his *Bumkin* whom he repreſents, a cunning, projecting, canting Knave? to bring in a ſtory by the Head and ſhoulders of *Moſes*, and the ten Tables, and correcting himſelf with a thundering Oath, one that he afterward makes juſtifying the three Eſtates, and other intrigues of Politiques? it might have paſſed, had he laid the Scene amongſt his Friends in *Flanders*; and then ſaying, that he had read in a Book that the Biſhops in *H.* Eighth's time made the ten Commandements, and make fooliſh inferences from thence too: The whole thing is a lye, for no man ever yet read any ſuch thing in a Book, but in his ſcurrilous Pamphlet; the neareſt to it is, what Biſhop *Spotſwood* reports of the Prieſts in *Scotland* about that time, That they would have made the common people believe, the more to incenſe them againſt *Patrick Hamilton*, and the Goſpellers of that Age, that *Martin Luther* and his Complices made the New Teſtament, or at leaſt St. *Paul's* Epiſtles, but *touch not mine annointed*: I hope the ingenious Author is too wiſe to make reflections of that nature.

Capt

But I perceive you care not what reflections you make upon my friend.

Tom. Your friend is unknown to me, he ſhould have ſet his name, and then it may be he had been ſafer, but I ſuppoſe his modeſty would not permit it.

Capt. Well, is this all you have to ſay?

Tom. There needs not, I think, but one word more, at laſt he falls foul by his *Cit* upon *Le Strange*, whom he calls Dog in a doublet or worſe, but after all he ends in a panegyrick of his wſedome.

To 'em Make a noiſe Tom, *as out of a Cloſet.*

Capt. I do not like this eves-dropping, yet I hope, I have ſaid nothing, that I need care who hears: however *Tom the Pudding-pie-man*, is a good honeſt fellow, I have waſted ſome pence with him.

Make a noiſe Tom. Come Gentlemen you have been in eager diſcourſe, but I did hear the ſubject matter of it very well.

Tom. I was only making ſome paſſionate obſervations upon a Book twice or thrice printed, called *Cit* and *Bumkin*, which he undertook wholly, and in every part to defend.

Make a noiſe Tom. What you *Captain Crackfart* turn'd Advocate? muſt *Cicero pro Milone* be reacted by you with a horſe pox to your Captainſhip? How long is it ſince I relieved you, and a thin ſtarved thing yclipped your Boy, with ten peny worth of Pudding pies, when you and he had lived three days upon ſtewed fiddle-ſtrings? I tell thee *Tom Piper*, how this fellow came by the doughty name of Captain, he was a foot Souldier in *Olivers* time, and upon a march ſtole a live Pike in an Inn, out of a Pale, and put it into his Breeches, becauſe

he saw his Comrade had done the like to a Barbel, but presently his manful roars made a discovery, so he was Cashiered, pretended it was for his Loyalty, and from that time dubb'd himself Captain: But as to the discourse, I tell thee Old Souldier, that if he, or thou, or any body that wears a head, God bless the King, should have call'd, or shall call me by the contemptible name of *Cit* (though I be but free of the Porters Company) I would and will, if ever it be any mans ill luck so to do, all to be pudding-pie his Calves head: What *Cit*?

Capt. How I am now like to be worried betwixt these two learned men? *Tom Piper* and *Make a noise Tom* the Pudding Wright: Well, well, but though you quarrel, my friend, for his names of *Cit* and *Bumkin*, yet Mr *Truman* speaks very heavenly by the same Authors directions: speak against that if you dare, the best of you.

Make a noise T. Mr. *Truman* speaks truly of the Papists, but not all that a true son of the Church might have said, he says in answer to the Charge, that the Papists Loyalty was in their own defence, being in a manner necessitated to that side, that it was better, if so, than fighting against the King, and further that no man drew his sword in the opposite cause, *but known Separatists*, and *that not one Separatist struck in the Kings quarrel*, he might have added, if he had thought fit, that after the King was outed, not one Papist ever entred into a Plot for his Restitution, but the whole truth was not his business, whereas the Schismaticks, as he boldly enough calls some sort of men, asserted the Kings Cause in the lowest Ebb: and that so bravely both by outward force, and other less visible endeavours, that the Kings Restitution must be ascribed to them, as to the second cause, which made some amends for their former devitation, I tell thee *Crack-brain*, had the King had no better friends than the Papists,

he

he had never seen the English shore again.

Capt. But have you read on?

Make a noise T. Yes, and find the business about the three Estates repeated over again to no purpose, wherein the learned Author has with great reputation to himself proved the Snow white.

Cap. But what think you of his bringing in *Le Strange*'s Epistle to the History of the Plot: is not that a heeler?

Make a noise T. Like the rest, for I have not much to say about that Gentleman, either *pro* or *con*, for they say he is a very pretty man at small matters, but those two Authors do most harmoniously agree in driving on, and fixing a worse Plot upon the Non Conformists, which they both are careful to improve, which is by their favour a setting up of the worship of false Gods, to lessen, if not to destroy the worship of the true one; so whilst they would alarm the Nation with this Chymera of a Plot to be found no where, but in their learned Brains, the true Plot will weather off, or which is worse, go on.

Cap. I think you are as hard to please as *Tom Piper*, I had thought you had revered Mr. *Strange* at another rate, than to speak so indifferently of him.

Make a noise T. Indifferently do you call it? I wonder that I, or any other good Subject should do so, especially when it is considered who licensed *Humane Reason*, that Book, that deserved to be burnt by the common Hangman, as a great Lord said some bodies else did.

Cap. But did not he say then in excuse that he would license an answer to it?

Make a noise T. It may be so, but that resolves into this, that he would license any thing for the Fees of it.

Capt. I'le tell him what you say, and then i' faith he'l

maul you in a Ballad, *with news the time*, as well as he hath done ſomebody elſe.

Tom Piper. Pray Gentlemen not ſo faſt, fair and ſoftly goes far on a day.

Capt. But do you hear *Make a noiſe Tom*, how do you like Mr. *Trumans* deſcription of the duty of Subjects, and Kings?

Make a noiſe T. I ſhall tell you my mind as to that too, for I have read the Book o'r; and we Pie-men are old Dog at Politiques in this communicative age: Well, now as to that, by multitude of queſtions, he perplexes the Cauſe, for if he layed down for his poſition this truth, *That in no Caſes whatſoever it can be lawful for a Subject to arm againſt his Prince*, there had been then no Room for a ſhift, but he makes his *Cit* ask a knaviſh queſtion, *What if a King will tranſgreſs all the Laws of God and man? may not the People reſume their truſt?* The anſwer is in the negative, but a man might have ſhap'd another anſwer as pertinent.

Capt. As how?

Make a noiſe T. When God gives over Kings to be wholly led by their ſenſual appetites, and to lay aſide all manner of Juſtice, he often ſuffers the People to be ſo too, for the world is rather governed by example than Precept. There are many ſad examples of that kind, as of *Don Pedro* the cruel of *Caſtile* ſtabb'd to death by his Baſtard Brother. *Winceſlaus* King of *Bohemia*, once impriſoned, and when he had by miracle recovered his Eſtate, grew ſo barbarouſly cruel to all ranks of men, that upon Citizens of *Prague* roſe as one man againſt him, upon which news, being in the Caſtle, he fell into a fit of an Apoplexy, and died ſuddenly. *Chriſtiern* the ſecond of *Denmark*, who was depoſed by his Unkle *Frederick*. And of later years Sultan *Ibrahim* the Great Turk, who

was

was for his outragious luſts and other extravagancies, depoſed and ſtrangled in the *Seragilo*. There is a living example of that kind, *Sebaſtian* of *Portugal*, ſet aſide and impriſoned by his Brother, who now injoys as the reward of his fact both his Brothers wife and Kingdom, and yet not ſo much as a Sword, or Pen manag'd in his behalf; by theſe examples, though it cannot be denied, but it is the Subjects duty to ſuffer patiently, and like the *Theban* Legion, ſuffer themſelves to be cut in pieces, rather than to reſiſt, as Mr. *Truman* well obſerved; yet nature in thoſe Caſes is often ſo ſtrong, that there is no truſting to it.

Tom. I perceive then, that your opinion is, that it is ſafer for Princes to keep within due moderation, as to their adminiſtration, than to do otherwiſe, notwithſtanding they have ſo much right on their ſides, even as to this world; for if a Nation ſhould lie under ſuch unhappy circumſtances, as to have the Prince and People at difference, the Divines of the Popular, as well as the other, would from Texts of Scripture, whether miſapplied or no, not material, offer *Pillows* to both parties, as is well obſerved in an excellent Paſſage out of *Denhams Sophy*, *Page* 44.

——poor Princes! how are they miſled?
Whilſt they whoſe ſacred Office is to bring
Kings to obey their gods, and men their King,
By theſe myſterious links to fix and tie
Them to the footſteps of the Deity:
Even by theſe men, Religion that ſhould be
The Curb, is made the Spur to Tyrany:
They with their double Key of Conſcience bind
The Subjects and leave Kings unconfin'd,
While their poor Vaſſals ſacrifice their bloods

T' ambition, and to avarice their Goods?
Blind to devotion, they themſelves eſteem,
Made for themſelves, and all the world for them,
Whilſt Heaven's great Law, given for guide, appears
Juſt or unjuſt, but as it waits on theirs.
Us'd but to give the Eccho to their words,
Power to their Wills, and Edges to their Swords,
To varniſh all their Errors, and ſecure
The ills they act, and all the world endure.
Thus by their Arts, Kings awe the World, whilſt they
Religion, as their Miſtreſs ſeem to obey,
Yet as their Slave command her, whilſt they ſeem
To riſe to Heaven, they make Heaven ſtoop to them:
Nor is this all, where feign'd devotion bends
The higheſt things to ſerve the baſeſt ends.
For if the many headed Beaſt hath broke,
Or ſhaken from his neck the Royal Yoke,
With popular rage Religion doth conſpire,
Flows into that, and ſwells the Torrent higher.
Then Powers firſt Pedegree from force derives,
And calls to mind the old Prerogatives
Of free born man, and with a ſaucy eye,
Searches the heart and ſoul of Majeſty,
Then to a ſtrict and cenſure brings
The actions, errors, and the end of Kings,
Treads on Authority, and ſacred Laws,
Yet all for God and his pretended cauſe;
Acting ſuch things for him, which he in them,
And which themſelves in others would condemn.
Thus now ingag'd, nor ſafely can retire,
Nor ſafely ſtand, but blindly bold aſpire,
Forcing their hopes, even through deſpair to climb
To new attempts, diſdan the preſent time:
Grow from diſdain to threats, from threats to arms,

Whilſt

Whilſt they, though Sons of peace, ſtill ſound th' alarm.
Thus whether Kings or People ſeek extreams,
Still Conſcience and Religion are their Theames:
And whatſoever change the State invades,
The Pulpit either forces or perſwades.
Others may give the fewel or the fire,
But they the blaſt, which makes the flame flame higher.

Make a noiſe T. I perceive by this your Poets are an extraordinary ſort of men, for as I have been told, that was written before the late Wars, and I ſee by this that there will never want upon the ſame unlucky occaſion high Boyes on both ſides, but thou haſt a plaguy memory to remember all this ſtuffe, I wonder how thou doſt it, I can hardly remember the Lords Prayer.

Tom. Nature always ſupplies Fools and blind men with a ſpecial gift that way.

Capt. You may think there may be no harm in this Poetry, but I aſſure you, if my Coſin comes to know of it: he'l make you prove where you had it.

Make a noiſe T. That's as eaſily done Captain *Crackbrains*, as to prove your ingenious Coſin to be a Penſioner to ſomebody, that he does not think fit to own.

Capt. You mean the Lords in the Tower I warrant you if you durſt ſpeak.

Tom. What if one did? you are ne'r the better, it's no Libel, neither will an Action on the Caſe lie for abuſing Captain *Crackbrains* Coſin nameleſs: But faith, if you will Captain, we'l call for the other friendly pot; three double Mugs of Ale within there, now lets talk in cooler terms.

Make a noiſe T. I am for peace, but yet *in utrumque paratus.*

Capt. Where got you all this Latine? I did not expect it,

it, neither with going to Sermons, nor crying *Make a noiſe Tom.*

Make a noiſe T. They are the remains of my ſchooling.

Capt. You are then I believe a man of Intrigue, ſome Jeſuit in diſguiſe, pray give me your opinion, what's the beſt way to grow rich; for I am of the opinion of that Author, that cried, *O Cives, Cives, quærenda pecunia primum,*

Virtus poſt nummos.

My Maſters and Friends, let us firſt grow rich,
Then virtue 'll come, or vice, no matter which.

Tom. A very learned Colloquy amongſt us three *Vertuoſi.*

Make a noiſe T. If by riches you mean preferment, I'le tell you mine opinion, and illuſtrate it by ſome Examples: firſt I do not like the *Cits* way of Impriſonment in order to it, for that meets with ſo many difficulties, as are not eaſily to be o'rcome.

Capt. You tell me which is not the way, pray tell me which is, for without better directions, I'le ne'r come to my Journies end.

Make a noiſe T. There is a way which has thriven well with a nameſake of mine, and many others, namely to abette the Republican intereſt, incumber the Prerogative with *Magna Charta*, the *Petition of Right*, and *Property*, ſo that it ſhall be a meer empty name, but be ſure you be a parliſh Pratlebasket upon that Subject, then you'l be taken off, as my Nameſake is, by which he hath got to be either the third, fourth, or fifth part of a great Officer of State.

Tom. I cannot find out the intereſt of taking Men off, that is of hiring men to perſonate an honeſt man, for to be ſure upon the firſt occaſion they'l come to themſelves, act the Knaves part again, for they are ſo ſtill in their hearts.

Make

Make a noiſe T. You ſay well, but its often the luck of thoſe Sophiſters to be ſerved ſo.

Cap. But may not an unwearied writing Books, in defence of the truth, do ſomething conſiderable in the caſe, as it is the circumſtance of my Couſin?

Make a noiſe T. But little; for his way of writing is look'd upon by ſober men, more to gratifie his Paſſion upon a Party, and his itch of ſcribling, which is demonſtrable enough by his Tranſlations, than out of any noble end to his Prince, and ſo he is his own rewarder, by eating the daily dumplings it affords him.

Cap. You may run down my Couſin, in your Ale, at what rate you pleaſe here; but I ſay, and ſay again, that the Phanaticks are more dangerous Enemies than the Papiſts, both to the Kings Royal Perſon and Government.

Tom. I ſay, and ſay again, in anſwer to you, Captain *Crackbrains*, if there be one Phanatick in *England*, that is not *Bedlam* mad, that wiſhes any ill to the Kings Perſon, though I doubt many may be too ſawcy upon the Adminiſtration: and on the contrary, if there be ten Papiſts (I'll go to *Abraham*'s preciſe number) that wiſhes proſperity to either, but in ſome equivocal meaning, I'll never pipe more; and ſo Captain *Crackbrains*, becauſe you are a man of Quality, pay the reckoning.

Make a noiſe T. A match, and then I break up this famous Colloquy.

Tom. But I'll tell you a piece of news before we part: my Friend writes one of the weekly Books, and to be ſure if he hear of our Diſcourſe, he'll claw you off in his next.

Make a noiſe T. Which of them, the Popiſh Domeſtick, called the true one, or the Fanatique, ycliped the Proteſtant?

Cap. Neither, but the Loyal one.

Tom. That's like a Chimney Sweeper, when I lived in *Delamere* Forreſt, that cryed all white for the King; for it's a great Argument of Loyalty, to inſinuate to His Majeſty, that his People has ſome ill contrivements againſt him, by which he deſigns to put him upon his conſtant Guard, which can be no eaſie poſture to any Monarch; But I ſuppoſe his Method is after the rate of *Poor Robin*, all the News he bleſſes us with, is of his own happy contrivance, in which he has an extraordinary faculty.

Make a noiſe T. I proteſt, *Tom*, you are a notable Fellow, I did not expect any thing of this from you.

Tom. I have a way for it, for when I exerciſe my Calling to pleaſe Gentlemen, we ſometimes divert our ſelves with drinking, and then, on courſe, State matters, or Religion, are the ſubject of Diſcourſe, and I having a parliſh memory, bring all away; for I have a double Title to it, according to the late obſervation.

Make a noiſe T. As how?

Tom. Faith I am like the once Mayor of *Ripon*, *Bizond* in Eye-ſight, and *Simple* of Underſtanding.

Make a noiſe T. I'll but ask you one Queſtion, What is the reaſon that a ſtrange Woman in Scripture-language ſhould ſignifie an Harlot, and a *Strange* Man in Statutable-Engliſh, to uſe the *Cits* Metaphor, ſhould not ſignifie the * *Marrow* to it?

* *A North Country word for Fellow.*

Tom. Though it do not ſo fully, yet it does ſomething of that nature by implication, for no man deſervedly enjoyes that Character, that can boaſt of much

much reputation to himſelf: But to what purpoſe this impertinent Sally? let's part, for we ſhall run from one thing to another, till we be by ſome *Adam Over-doe* ſent to Durance. Your Servant, Captain *Crackbrains*.

Capt. Your Servant, Sir.

Make a noiſe T. Your Servant, Gentlemen.

FINIS.